The Gambling Houses of Paris. It was during the Consulate and the Empire t was during the Consulate and the Empire the gambling houses of Paris were in their day. As few of our readers, fottunately, have seen those theatres of terrible and aboung passion, we quote the account which Veron (the late-proprietor of the Constitute) gives of them:

The first day of the month I found myself her than usual. I had sold a very excellent

eleton for twenty five francs, and was able to vite two friends to dinner. Rosseau (one of school comrades) was one of my guests .was appointed; and the rendezvous was at six clock, at the Cafe du Roi. There were but nee of us—Rosseau, myself, and a young pedical student, who was fast dying with a alloping consumption, which had been brought n by fatigues in the hot sun during the revolution of July. All of us were punctual at the endezvous. Our host was sad and embarrassed. At last he said to us, 'I have invited you to dine with me; but my purse is empty.' In this alarming situation, the young physician said, it is probable that we are both (looking at me) in the same position as Rosseau. He spoke the truth. 'Ek bien! there is but one thing to be done—I'll go and borrow twenty francs from the keeper of the cafe.' I doubted very much whether he had any credit there; but he came back with a gold piece in his hand. We started off to dinner, and crossed the gar-den of the Palais Royal. 'Suppose we go up stairs,' said one of us, 'and risk at the rouge-etnoir half of our fortune—say ten francs? The proposal was unanimously accepted. Rosseau was sent off to try our fortune. He soon re-turned—he had lost. Our position became a had one; but we soon after met, feeling all the pleasures of hope, one of our comrades, the tall Gaulthier, a charming young fellow, and the son of a grammarian. We told him our story. Unfortunately he could add to our purse only three frames and a half, and he gave us to understand, by a gesture, that his watch was at the pawnbroker's. We soon induced our new comrade in misfortune to club, his money with ours, and to go and risk the thirteen and a half france at the rapid chances of the roulette.-Our player did not return; it was past seven o'clock; and the question shortly became whe-ther we should dine or not? At length our friend appeared, and showed us sixty francs. We gayly went to Vevour's for our dinner. I scarcely know why, but we all resolved to dine very economically.

"We knew not what else to do but to return to a gambling house. Our friend Gaulthier was charged to play all that remained in our common purse, (thirty-five francs) and we would share our earnings. In a very few minroulette; and the share of each of us was two hundred francs. Gaulthier and Rosseau boidly played their two hundred francs, and, in a few minutes, they each had fifteen hundred or two thousand francs of winnings. Rosseau door was alway's kept locked, and every time the boy ventured to ask the cause, he was siat the Cafe des Varieties. We tore him, so to say, from the gambling house, and, hy paying a large sum on account, he opened a new credit at both of the cases. Head and ears in debt, without a cent of money in his pocket, and

without credit in the morning, in the evening he was rich and esteemed. Such wonders easily turn one's head.

"The next day, after leaving the hospital, I returned alone to the same gambling house, to risk the hundred and odd francs which remained to me after the division of the evening's spoil, and I won some twelve louis d'ors. It seemed like a dream! The next day at noon I was at the same place; I had taken the precaution to have it retained for me. For nearly three months I won in this way never less than a hundred france a day, and often much larger sums. I still continued to perform my duties as an assistant house surgeon in the hospital; but I was on ill terms with my books, leading what is called a fast, life, frequenting the restaurants and the theatres, having for the first time gold coins in my pocket, and, for a student large sums in my secretary. A professional gambler, whom I had never seen, stopped me one day, about dinner time, in the arcades of the Palais Royal. 'Monsieur,' he said, I have nothing to ask from you; but I saw you play this morning. Allow me to shake hands with you. It is impossible to play with more good luck and more good sense."

"I knew how to stop in my winnings; and so I often had the chagrin of playing only a quarlosen had the chagrin of playing only a quarter of an hour a day. How heavily the time hung on my hands during the rest of the day! Roulette winnings excite all sorts of immoralities in the heart and nothing more brutalizes the minds nothing sooner extinguishes all love of labor and of study; nothing inspires greater contempt of all business, and a greater loathing for all duty, than these riches of an hour, which fortune gives you that she may have the place.

te gives you, that she may have the pleasure of despoiling you of them. I speak only in the furnace; a few sparks will give heat of the player who wins; what would I have to enough, and then Hubert de Dreux is as wise say of the player who losest. In this intoxica. as his wisest teacher."

All that afternoon Roger Bacon had been stant winnings. I had daily greater difficulty to keep within the limited winnings. Had I played higher, said I to myself, I would have won a large fortine. I had resolved never to stake more at first than ten louis d'ors; and during two or three days. I daily won some fitteen hundred or two thousand fraces. Then I determined never to stake more at first than five hundred tranes; and for two days that system was completely successful. Although during three months I had lived like a millionarie, and like a generous millionarie, I still had in mysule (for I had safe) some nine or ten thousand. stant winnings, I had daily greater difficulty to bending over the sick man's bed; he had done won. But soon the strangest a second nd as the

gambler's idea suggested itself to my mind! I visited that day every gambling house in Paris, and at six o'clock had scarcely enough money left to pay for the dinner I had ordered. Rich with nine or ten thousand francs, and a great many castles in the air, in the morning, in the evening I had not a cent nor an illusion. We gayly buried at table my fortune and my gambling luck; and the next morning I awoke, my heart and my mind free, almost glad to resume my past life of labor and of study, and to end that careworn and agitated life of a professional gambler. I did not, however, open my books again without feeling my mind wander. The gambler reappeared. I reproached myself bitterly for having failed to play well-for having run after my lost money. I no longer laid the blame on fortune; I imputed it all to myself! I even thought it would continue to protect me. I found means, for the first time in my life, to borrow a thousand crowns, and notwithstanding my evening's experience, notwith-standing all my vows, I lost these thousand crowns in one single day. Behold whither the sale of a skeleton and a friendly dinner may lead one! Happily, these rude adventures restored me to my senses, and I felt alarmed at the dangers I had run. During these three months of dissipation, I have at least witnessed all the madness of gamblers. I have met in these gambling houses, artizans, fathers, young men, gray beards, soldiers, literary men, some physicians, and more than one public function-

Roger Bacon was an English monk, who taught in the University of Oxford more than six hundred years ago. He was a man of great learning, skilled in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, but especially fond of chemistry. He used to spend many hours each day in one of the secret cells of the convent, engaged in some experiment. While thus employed, he had found that sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre, mingled together in a certain way, would make a new and strange compound; indeed so strange and dangerous did this new compound seem, that the monk himself was almost afraid of it, and therefore told no one of his discovery.

Among the pupils was a youth who was so fond of study, and so prompt to obey his teachers, that he became a favorite with all, and Roger Bacon would often ask his help in his laboratory-a large room where the students 'were instructed in chemistry; but he never allowed him to enter his private cell. This youth's name was Hubert de Dreux.

Sometimes as Hubert sat reading or studying, or mixing medicines in this larger room, he was startled with sounds like thunder coming from his master's apartment; sometimes a bright light chane for a moment through the chinks of the door, then an unpleasant odor

whenever he knocked or strove to enter, Roger Bacon would sternly bid him to attend to his own affairs, and never again interrupt him. The door was alway's kept locked, and every time lenced by his teacher's gruff words and severe looks.

Months glided away, and still he eagerly but vainty sought to learn the secret. At length an opportunity afforded. Roger Bacon was widely known as a physician and surgeon.-One cold November day he was called to attend on Walter de Losely, a rich man in the next town, who had been dangerously hurt .-The monk gave all the necessary orders to Hubert, and bidding him to be careful to put out the fires and lock the door when he was done, he started on his errand of mercy.

Hubert soon finished his task, and was just bounding up the oaken stairway, when an evil thought came into his mind. "Roger Bacon is gone; he will not be back for several hours; can now find out what keeps him so much in that dark, damp cell." He looks anxiously around; no one is near, and with a light step and fast-beating heart, he reaches the forbidden room. The key is not there, and so there is no hope of entering, yet perhaps he may see something through the key-hole, and kneeling, he presses his cheek against the heavy door. It opens at his touch, for Roger Bacon, in his haste, had locked without closing it, and thus the eager boy stands where for months he had longed to be. In vain he looks for any thing new or strange, and with a sad face is turning away, when his eye falls on a huge book, whose open page is still wet with ink from his teacher's pen. It is written in Latin, but that is as plain to him as his own English, and in anoth-

mix it in this and see. The fire is not dead in the furnace; a few sparks will give heat

had safe) some nine or ten those the heaviest thunder burst on the still night, and distinctly amid this fearful sound was heard and distinctly amid this fearful sound was heard a better wife to her second than to her first princes of others. more than a thousand france of first.— whole convent was on fire. The trembling the first thousand france note staked I monk dashed down the hill side to the scene of forth from the ruins the lifeless form of Hu-

bert. The terrified crowd believed that Roger gloomy dungeon. For many years he remaincourage and large forces. There cd in prison, but at last he was released, and ed is right.

was not even a combat! I lost every time. A at the age of eighty, lay down in death. He gambler's idea suggested itself to my mind. I wrote his well-kept secret in strange words in It is emphatically true that the great men of

does not seem strange to us, for we know the labr. With firm and unshaken resolutions to wonderful power of gunpowder, but to the surrount the tide of unfavorable circumstances, the children of 1854 are familiar with many every facility is rendered for the onward and things which were mysterious to learned men uinterrupted progress of him who would six hundred years ago. How grateful we should bunch his little bark for the haven of renown he to God for all our privileges, and how care- ad distinction, with every breeze in his favor, ful to improve them aright.

American Messenger.

The Dying Wife.

Yes, she is dying! Her physician has just fant occasionally passes over her downy cheek. Her breathing is easy and regular, except a little shorter, and she looks so pleasant that you cannot believe her dying. Oh! how earnestly you beseech the God of life to spare your loving and lovely companion. How tenderly you press her to your heart, like some tender mother would her sleeping infant !- How passionately you press your lips to her cold brow, and think of the sweet seasons you have passed with her! Memory recalls the time when, with a trembling voice, she whispered that your love was all returned, and how true she has more pregnant with fatal consequences. How ever been to that love. You recollect how happy and trusting she looked into your face when you first pronounced the words "my wife!" You remember, too, when you have come in tired and weary, her tender smile and her upturned eyes, full of love and sympathy, were upon you. How willingly she ministered to all your wants, and, in her own cheerful way, soon made you forget the turmoils of life.

O memory, be quiet! And yet there is a saddened pleasure in such thoughts, for you know that to that confiding creature you were

But see, she moves, and looks as though she wishes to speak to some one. How auxiously you listen, lest you lose a word.

"My husband!" she exclaims, "I am still with you, and leaning upon that breast that has ever been a sweet resting-place for me; -but, my sorrowing one, I must leave you. I seem to be more favored than you, for I go to that bright land before you; for to part with you in this cold world and live, would be more than I could bear, therefore the Lord, in his tender mercies, has been mindful of my weakness even here, and has called me first. Loved one, weep not for me; I am happy. Death brings the last kiss, weep not, for know that I am may be observed is the ground of his success happy. I ask you not to forget me. O no!—in after life. think of me, and forget all my waywardness;

banks of the river of life. There we will nev-desire to alarm you by calling to your mind er be separated, but will bask in the sunshine that you must die, though it were well for you of our Redeemer's countenance for ever, and to think of it oftener than you do-but as you Its evident intent is to propagate freesoilism. still for ever. But hark! what music is that ! are mortal, and must one day leave all earthly The devices it exhorts its readers, "as Ameri-—it comes still nearer. Who is it that calls possessions behind, if you wish those possess cans, as freemen and as Christians," to inscribe me ? O. I see! They are coming for mesions, much or little, to descend peacefully into with palms of victory—they smile, they wel-he hands of those whom you desire to inherit abolitionist and an ultra radical. Read, them, come me! I come-I come! Loved and true, hem, take our advice and make your will, farewell! Bless him-my-" and so saying, while you are in possession of all your faculher lovely spirit takes its flight. She finishes lies and capable of making a just and proper found, under these pretty green covers, done her prayers where they can best be heard—ne. We once read of a young man in good before the throne of God.

AUNT FANNNY'S CREED ABOUT CHILDREN lent. He was taken sick, and evidently unto I believe in great round apples and bigleath. His friends besought him to make his slices of good plain gingerbread for children. All. But no, he should soon be well. Yet

to enable them to eat it all, and jump around in xpressed his wish that all he had should be them when they get through. I believe in not giving away their little propers of the family (among whom were great

like, without their leave. hemselves) came forward to divide with his I believe in not promising them a ride andoung and helpless widow the little property then forgetting all about it.

I believe in not teasing them for amusementie, but dispersed among several, was hardly a and then punishing them for being "trouble orsel for any body. To be sure these people

I believe in not allowing Bridget and Bettycceased never intended it for them; they had to box their ears because their beaux did'nteand him, with their own ears, again and ome the evening before.

I believe in sending them to school where whole. But who ever yet saw the family there are backs to the benches, and where the generous nay, so honest, in such post morschool ma'am has at least 'one offer.' I believe no house can be properly furnished with hat the law allowed them?

out at least a dozen children in it. I believe Per Contra, we knew a family who, on little children to be all that is left us of Paragath of the husband and father, found that his dise; and that any house-keeper harboring all had not only long been made, but wiseperson that don't like them, had better count, generously made, and placed in the hands up her silver without loss of time!

Widows.-Young widows are always blithers found admirably invested; the accounts They ever meet one with a smile and flatter nple and clear, the debts all paid, or provising word. Can any one tell why? Theyns made for their payment; and the whole pay very scrupulous attention to dress. Nonerk of administrating upon the will a mere know so well what colors, black or otherwise stime. In short, the man who was one of are best suited to their complexion, nor what most healthy and hearty of men, had prefreaks of millinery serve best to heighten thered, in his temporal affairs for death; and beauty of their form. Their knowledge of thisen he did die, he went without a moment's subject they will put in practice. Does anything. Every day in the year, his heirs one know why? Young widows, if at firstppy in the fruits of his wise forecast, have pleasant, gay and agreeable, through affected ason to bless his memory, if for nothing else, ness, become really so through habit. It icause he has not bequeathed them the cares said that she who is married a second time id perplexities which they see embittering the

husbaud. Who can give a reason if we hav Reader, rich or poor, if you want to live in not given it? Young widows are the most hearts of a grateful posterity, make your woe. As he sprang from his horse a mandrew charming part of creation—the envy of one, while you have strength and reason to do sex and the beloved of the other; and why! right -Spirit of the Age.

Would you be exempt from uneasiness I de heaviest fetter that weighs down the Bacon had been practising witchcraft, and with nothing you know or suspect to be wrong; and be of a captive, is as the web of the gossa if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, der compared with the pleage of the man of everything in your power that you are convinced. The wall of stone and bar of iron may broken, but his plighted word never. out listening to his defence, threw him into a if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, de compared with the pleage of the man of

Self Education.

one of his books, and wise men studied long the earth, in all ages, have been those who, in before they could read it. He had discovered early life, have had to buffet the current of adversty. Born to the inheritance of no patrihow to make gunpowder. versty. Born to the inheritance of no patripeople of England at that time, it appeared to be the work of an evil spirit. Thus, year by year, the world advanced in knowledge, and the control of the co young man is chargeable with culpable rehissness who does not better his condition in ife, morally, intellectually and pecuniarily. A ood thorough and practical education is withn the reach of all endowed with ordinary capronounced the solemn words, and yet she facity. A want of funds is no excuse for unsleeps so quietly. A smile like that of an in tried effort. There are only two pre requisites the will to do, and the physical ability to exeette. With these at his bidding he can out-

rhe etery opposing obstacle.
Young men whose circumstances in life will nt compare advantageously with those of the nore favored are too prone to yield to a false intion of pride, shrink from labor as undignifed or hamiliating, and hug with supineness aid inactivity to some delusive schemes, which ir their inagination by some sudden revolution o forture's wheel will end in full realization of al they so ardently hope for. No error is nany mserable victims of disappointment can cte back to this as the first point of their aberaton fron the path of success and happiness .-No manshould be ashamed of labor, nor should he allow the Utopain dreams of fancy to suppant the facts of stern reality. If early habtuated to close and attentive application: he his the iwo-fold advantage of being equipped for unfavorable emergencies on the one hand aid of being the recipient of what every fortritous and unexpected blessing, may for sooth fall to his lot on the other. Labor instead of being a disgrace to a man, is an honor and a ecommendation. We want no better proof that a person will be of no use to himself and to society, than to see him day by day lounging and loitering away the golden hours with which a beneficent Providence has favored him. Irdolence is the foster-parent of vice in its most malignant forms. Labor, aside from ensuring a direct, and immediate renumeration, excludes the possibility of corrupt and con-

taminating associations. With the truth of these facts before him, demonstrated alike by observation and reason, it should be to the young man just entering the arena of life's strgggles an incentive to joy to my soul; it releases my happy spirit high and noble achievements. If he be a perfrom this wearisome body. And soon, my hus son of poor parentage let him go to work. In hinks of the door, then an unpleasant odor band, this brow will be encircled with a wreath a short time he will, by the use of economy

All these things excited his curiosity; but ling with gems; and, best of all, my Saviour, Sensor until ne shan have acquired the running statement of the state who bought the precious gift for me, will be ments at least of an education. When his funds there, and bid even me welcome to that city, become exhausted let him recur again to labor whose streets are paved with gold, where one for their replenishment, thus to resume his whose streets are paved with gold, where one bright summer always reigns, where parting, studies. By so doing he finds in a few short years, that his prerogative for claiming increased compensation is undisputive, and that he can dead, when these limbs once lay still and quiet, earn in one year what at the outset, required when these lips, that ever gave back the kiss the toil of two, and even three years. His you gave, refuse to respond to yours, even for education is practical, thorough, and here it

> and meet me, oh! meet me on the flowery MAKE YOUR WILL.-Reader! we do not ircumstances, with nobody dependent on him out a young wife, and she was utterly depen-

I believe in making their clothes loose, enough gain and again, before many witnesses, he is wife's. He died intestate, and other memerty, such as dolls, kites, balls, hoops, and thetalwart brothers, well able to take care of cals. Until they do this, there is no hope.-

> thich would have made her comfortable for new they had no moral claim; they knew the

an executor, carefully selected for his probity d accurate business habits. The property

Literary Publications.

Line upon line, precent upon precent, here a little and there a little, is a quotation which Southern editors must adopt with regard to the subject of the above caption. The Southern people require perseverance in exhortation on this theme, and then whatever may be the result, editors will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done their duty.

What now? asks the reader. Let the fol that the waters of the

cue this great, this beautiful, this glorious land that the great body of the from a hateful domination. As it now is, no Amazon shoots out into the Atlantic man who expresses, however moderately, a 100 miles in the face of the eterna free opinion of the slave system of the South, winds." Pushing itself so far into the is allowed to hold any office of profit or trust, of these winds, I lancy is a mistake. T under the general government. No man can azon flows from about S. W be President, no man a foreign minister, no the current of heated Atlantic man a tide-waiter even, or the meanest scullion in the federal kitchen, who has not first bowed ica, caused by, "the eternal tradein the federal kitchen, who has not first bowed. down and caten the dirt of adherence to slave, the conformation of the N. E. shore

Oh! shameless debasement—that under a Union formed for the establishment of liberty, so that this current and that of the rive and justice—under a Union born of the agonies, zon are at nearly right angles. But s and justice-under a Union born of the agonies, and cemented by the blood of our parents-a Union whose mission it was to set an example of republican freedom, and commend it to the panting nations of the world—we freemen of resistible course, it curves off to the panting nations of the world—we freemen of the United States, should be sufficiented by politicians into a silent acquiescence with despotism! That we should not dare to utter the have finished such words or breathe the aspirations of our fathers, or propagate their principles, on pain of ostra-cism and political death! Just Heaven! into what depths of infamy and insensibility have we fallen!

"We repeat, that until the sentiment of slaery is driven back to its original bounds, to the States to which it legitimately belongs, the people of the North are vassals. Yet their emancipation is practicable, if not easy. They have only to evince a determination to be free, and they are free. They are to discard all past alliances, to put aside all present fears, to dread no future coalitions, in the single hope of carrying to speedy victory, a banner inscribed with these devices: The repeal of the Fu- Is it not clear that the "cause of the Gr gitive Slave Law-The Restoration of the Missouri Compromise-No more Slave States-No more Slave Territories-The Homestead for Free Men on the Public Lands."

The readers and subscribers of this magazine n the slaveholding States it is fairly presumable, gave their support to it as a literary publication. They had little idea that in contributing their three dollars annually, they were ting and circulating doctrines and teachings subversive of their rights and interests. They did not conceive that in making a contract with such well known publishers as Messrs. Putnam & Co. they would be deceived—that they I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragg would break faith with their patrons, that after corn sacks to the mill that others may its literary merits, into the homes and family nor be refreshed by anything circles of thousands at the South, they would convert their magazine, with unblushing effrontery too, into a vehicle for the dissemination of more polite diction.

The whole article from beginning to end is Whig-Abolition in tone, sentiment, and spirit. on their banner, are those of a disorganizer, an and say if this be not true; and yet to-day in Southern homes-thousands of them-will be up in beautiful typography, this wanton assault and no less gross insult to the Southern people, served up in this "Magazine of Literature, Science and Art."

Are the Southern people so dull-so stupid will we say-as not to perceive wherein is the remedy for all this wrong doing? For years it has been rung into their ears; but so far it has passed by as the idle wind, unheeded and disregarded. It is to support their own periodi-The literary appetite must be appeared; and if wholesome food be not provided, Harper with its "Union-Saving" and Putnam with its "Our Parties and Politics" poisonous mixtures will be administered and taken.

The history of Southern periodical literature affords melancholy evidences of the truth of what we say. One after another have they a fire on my hearth-when the trees I have sprung up, wilted and perished. Do not say they were undeserving of support; for of this no one can judge until a fair trial be had, and a fair trial can never be had without a first generous effort. Vitality, energy and ability can only be infused into this class of publications by money, and this has ever been with-held from the literary enterprises of the South. To make them worthy of support, they must first be supported. Money gives confidence, procures talent, and supplies all defects.

We will cite only one instance out of many, We allude to the Southern Quarterly Review -a publication containing as able articles as any of its class published in the country. But it has languished and languished, and would probably have succumbed, had it not been for the indomitable energy of its present proprietor. This Review stands at the head of Southern literature-its articles are quoted and commented on, not only in America, but in Europe, and yet its means of existence have been taste of our people that these things should be; and it is still a greater reproach on their patri otism and boasted devotion to the interests and independence of their own section. Half the amount now literally poured into the coffers of hat off at midnight, explaining to a anti-Southern magazine publishers would give the political principles of his party, an assured vitality not only to this Review, but to many others. Can any of our readers con-

What now asks the reader. Let the following extract from Putnam's Monthly for September answer:

"We have dwelt upon the proceedings of the pro-slavery party so long, that we have left ourselves little space for urging upon other parties their duties in the crises. But we will not speak to them as parties. We will say to them as Americaus, as freemen, as Christians, that the time has arrived when all divisions and animosities should be laid aside, in order to rescue this great, this beautiful, this glorious land that "the great body of the heated water of the control of

tic current. Is it probable these "strong twinds" should constantly blow entirely ac the Atlantic from N. E. and S. E., conce ting on the equator, and yet produce a rent; while the mighty "course of the Amais made to "curve off and scud before the Stream" is not the Amazon, (though that n assist) but that the "eternal trade winds"

The Life-time of Man. When the world was created, and, creatures assembled to have their life time a pointed the Ass first advanced and asked ho ong he would have to live.

4 Thirty years," replied Nature; "will that

"Alas !" answered the Ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night having insidiously found its way by virtue of bread, while I shall have no encouragement Give me but a portion of that time. I

ay."
Nature, moved with compassion, and press as rank anti-slavery declamation as ever Gree-ley or Parker indulged in, though perhaps in "How long dost thou require to live?"

asked nature. "Thirty years were too many
for the Ass but wilt thou be contented with

them?"

"Is it thy will that I should?" replied the Dog. "Think how much I shall have to run about; my feet will not last so long a time; and when I shall have my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in the corner and grow!?"

Nature thought he was right and with

Nature thought he was right, and gave him twelve years.

The Ape then appeared. "Thou will donbt." less willingly live thirty years," said nature, "thou wilt not have to labor as the Ass and the Dog. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah, no!" cried he: "so it may seem to others, but so it will not be! Should pud-

dings ever rain down, I shall excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years."
Nature was gracious, and he received but ten-

At last came Man, healthy and strong and

asked the measure of his days.

"Will thirty years content thes?"

"How short a time?" exclaimed man, when I shall have built my house and kindled. planted are about to bloom and bear fruit-when life shall seem to me most desirable. shall die. Oh, Nature, grant me a longer pe-

"Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the Ass besides."
"That is not enough," replied Man. "Take likewise the twelve years of the Nor." It is not yet sufficient," reiterated Man.

"give me more."

"I give thee, then the ten years of the Ape
In vain wilt thou chain me."

Man departed unsatisfied

Thus man lives seventy thirty are his human years, an

by. He is then healthy and hands bors cheerfully, and rejoices in his exist The eighteen of the Ass come next, Burden upon burden is heaped upon him he carries the corn that is to feed others blows and kicks are the rewards of his faithful service. The twelveof the Dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and scanty and doled out in a niggardly spirit. It lies down and growls. When these are gone is a shame, a crying shame, upon the literary taste of our people that these things should be:

Of the Dog follow, and ne loses his teeth, and lies down and growls. When these are gone the Ape's ten years of sorrow concealed behind taste of our people that these things should be: becomes the sport of children.

No proof of Temperance-a man w

The forms and ceremonies of politer